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T H E

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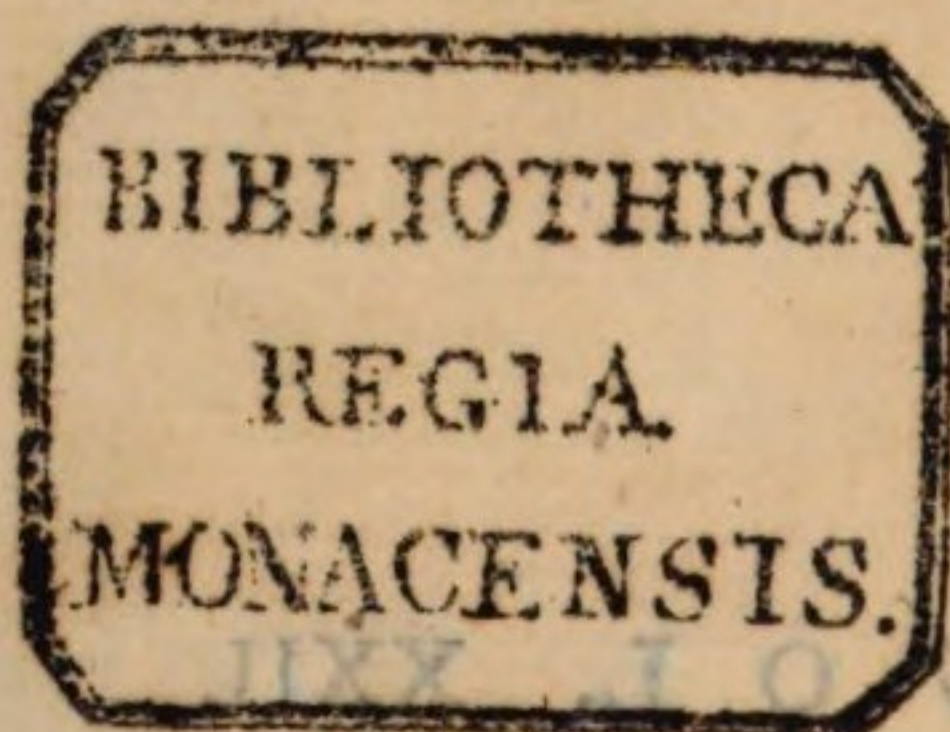
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THE
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S

O F

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME IV.

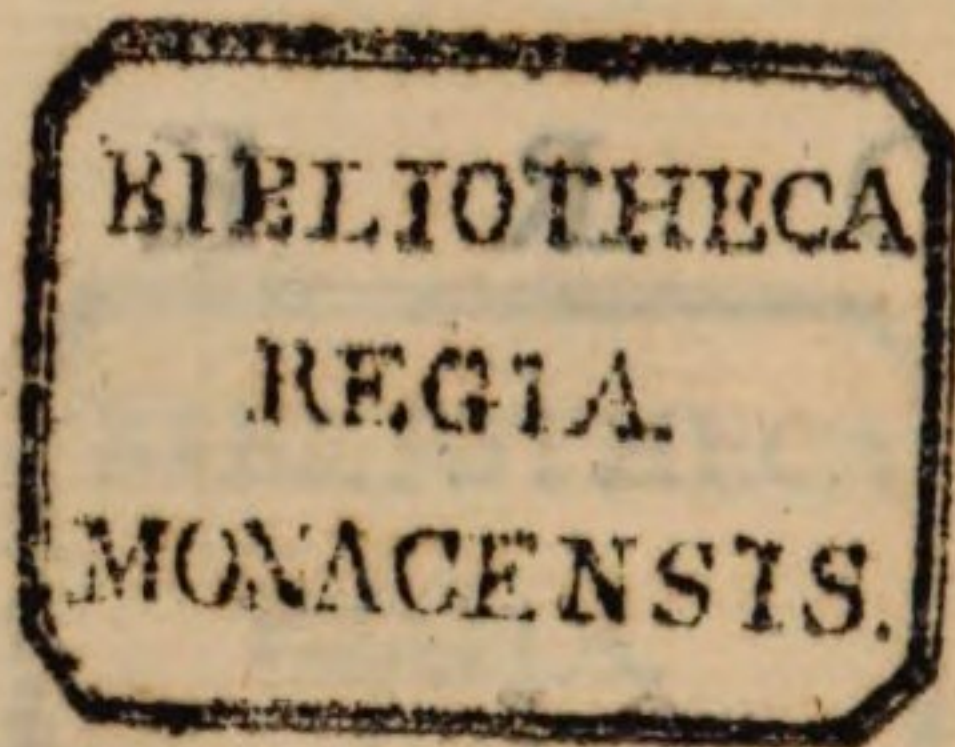
EDINBURGH:

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THE

P O E T I C A L



ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME IV.

R D I M B U R G H :

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,

and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

T H E C O N T E N T S.

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Paul's, versified.

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VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING THE

SATIRES

OF

DR JOHN DONNE,

AND THE

DUNCIA D.

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1871

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1871

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1871

4. The Author

SATIRE

OF

DR JOHN DOWNE

AND THE

DUNSTON

THE
SATIRES
OF
Dr JOHN DONNE,
DEAN of ST PAUL's,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

THE
STATUES

OF

DR JOHN DOWNE

DEAN OF ST PAUL'S

VERIFIED

Gold set at night with triple letters
Gilded, now ill, now more than
Verdure never more of stone
Hollow

Vol. IV. A

S A T I R E S

O F

Dr J O H N D O N N E versified.

S A T I R E II.

Y E S, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too :
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors ;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin ;
It brought (no doubt) th' *excise* and *army* in :
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

S I R, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry indeed be such a sin,
As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in ;
Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate.

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an actor live :
 The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read,
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above :
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow ;
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the fair, but songs no longer move ;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat ;
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.

As in some organs, puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms ;
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit :
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more ;
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S---tt---n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Efdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true ;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
----- to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
dence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence;
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And, plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet; jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:

Language which Boreas might to Auster hold ;
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain :
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own* ;
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies !
And what a solemn face, if he denies !
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there.
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire ;
He starves with cold to save them from the fire :
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite,---or like a king.

More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbey's roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
Law practice for mere gain ; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there ;
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite---or like a king.

These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to *Jansen* punts at White's;
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Relikely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.

Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, cov'nants, articles they draw ;
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are ;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* :
 No commentator can more flily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song ;
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *power and glory* clause.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profess, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a fryer
 Each day his beads ; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As flily as any commente goes by
 Hard words, or sense ; or in divinity

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those antient woods, that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire;
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door!
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These, as good works, 'tis true, we all allow;
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence,
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,

As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd hereto-
 fore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
 Where the old landlord's troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,

Nor fly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none drawes
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jawes.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to court!--the Dev'l would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest, (as story says)

Well, I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the statutes curse,

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way !
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold ! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark :
A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.

Before he 'scap'd ; so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

'Therefore I suffer'd this ; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the fun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came :
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
Stranger than seven antiquaries studies,
Than Africk monsters, Guanaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers : One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night, would swear him dropt out of the moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are!

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and, tho' bare, was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too;
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;

One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me, what you are!

His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 though bare;
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all states belongs,

Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
 Henly himself I've heard, and Budgel too;
 The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonsou's lungs;
 The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar:
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancell stores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out; I whisper Gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
 But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bombast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this; yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or cut-lie either
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He names me and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me :
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if -----'s your name.
 What *Speech* esteem you most; 'The *King's*,' said I.
 But the best *words*? 'O Sir, the *Dictionary*'
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute
 And perfect *Speaker*!---'Onflow, past dispute.'
 But, Sir, of writers! 'Swift for closer style;
 'But Ho**y for a period of a mile.'
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough :
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen; I dare
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure transition to his own;

This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom you do prefer
 For the best linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd : Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panargus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail, Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity ! you was not druggerman at Babel ;
For, had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tow'r had stood.

‘ Obliging Sir ! for courts you sure were made ;
‘ Why then for ever bury'd in the shade ?
‘ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen ;
‘ The King would smile on you---at least the Queen.

Ah gentle Sir ! your courtiers so cajole us---

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :

And as for courts, forgive me, if I say

No lessons now are taught the Spartan way ;

Tho' in his pictures luit be full display'd,

Few are the converts Aretine has made :

And tho' the court show vice exceeding clear,

None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies,

That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
'Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.

He adds, If of court life you knew the good,

You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone

My loneness is ; but Spartanes fashion

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last

Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste ;

No more can princes courts (though there be few

Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretch'd lute-string speaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,

• Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
 • To gaze on princes and to talk of kings!
 Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I
 He dwells amidst the royal family ;
 He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.
 • Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic; strangely low,
 • And coarse of phrase,---your English all are so.
 • How elegant your Frenchmen ?' Mine d'ye mean ?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
 • Oh ! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
 • Your only wearing is your Padua-foy.'
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille---

Said I, the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only : The way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly ; I chaff'd him ; but as itch

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore :
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er ; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, ' What news ? I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash ! of birth-nights, ball, and shows,
More than ten Hollinheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows ; and
what

A subtle minister may make of that :

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse : So I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
He to another key his style doth dress ;
And asks what news ; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a still which stayes
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lye,
More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash : He knows, he knows
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
what

A subtle statesman may gather of that ;

Who sins with whom : Who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug :
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop, or a whore :
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government :
 Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
 And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor :
 Who makes the trust of charity a job,
 And gets an act of parliament to rob :
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit or clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town ;
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places fells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison
 Hast to an office's reversion ;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath fold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 shells to transport ;

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier ; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,---yet he thrusts in more :
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks gazettes and post-boys o'er by heart,
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
 In sure succession to the day of doom :
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid ;
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :
 Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.

He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
 He thrusts on more ; and as he had undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife at sight of loathed meat
 Ready to travail : For I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk : In vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit.
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels new 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of every office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delay'd ;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half-turn'd traitor by surprize,
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by;
 To him he flies and bows, and bows again,
 Then close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.

As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers,

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traytor; and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venemous leachers do grow found
 By giving others their fores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free; therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear! but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
 Me to a fine to scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me?---I said, Willingly.
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I

Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quack'd at heart; and still afraid, to see
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense:
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
 There sober Thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
 A vision hermits can to hell transport,
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.

Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you: So did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn; and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: Such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty not the free;
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
 Shall I the terror of this sinful town,
 Care if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court!
 Now pox on those who shew a *court in wax*!
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only drefs and face!

Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor

Such waxen noses, stately staring things---
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come,
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

'That's velvet for a king?' the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools;
And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the flocks are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.

Wants reach all states: Me seems they do as well
At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies : How each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
 ' Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !'
 And ' Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !'
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
 'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Foplin and Courtin :
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god,

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)
 The men board them ; and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties ; they the mens wits ; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red with scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
 She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the presence wore a mosque : And list
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial

See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom or a straw ;
But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prat their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are bless'd :
Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest*.
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Feathers and dust wherewith they fornicate :
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the *inquisition* ;
And whispers by *Jesu* so oft that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries arm ! whose very look's an oath :
 The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his foul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door :
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse ;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licenc'd fool, commands like law,

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go ;

For saying our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Calls a rough carelessness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As they who in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jest's like a licenc'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go,

For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all :
Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I fwat, I fly,
And shake all o'er like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

Go, through the great chamber (why it is hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those *Askaparts*, men big enough to throw
Charing-crofs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queens man, and fine
Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spie---l'preachers which are
Seats of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away : Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

E P I L O G U E
T O T H E
S A T I R E S.

Written in M,DCC,XXXVIII.

D I A L O G U E I.

F. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in
print,

And, when it comes, the court see nothing in't.

You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,

And are, besides, too *moral* for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel!

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,

Said, 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;'

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,

'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;

Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *vice* :

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the crown*,

Blunt could *do bus'ness*, H-ggins *knew the town* ;

In Sappho touch the *failings of the sex*,

In rev'rend bishops note some *small neglects*,

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,

Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.

His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile :
 An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.
 But 'faith your very friends will soon be fore :
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more---
 And where's the glory! 'twill be only thought
 The great man never offer'd you a groat,
 Go see Sir ROBERT----

P. See Sir ROBERT!---hum---
 And never laugh---for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: With *scripture* still you may be free?
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at *honesty*;
 A joke on JERKYL, or some odd *old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig:
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts: They keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, ' Who's the man, so near
 ' His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
 Why, answer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:

But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those;
 Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more:
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men,
 At sense and virtue, balance all again.
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
 Come, Henly's oratory, Osborn's wit!
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y---ng!
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense
 That first was H---vy's, F---'s next, and then
 The S---te's, and then H---vy's once again.
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *nation's sense*;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest'd!
 So---satire is no more---I feel it die---
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I---
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
 Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest---in disgrace:
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S-----k, and grave De-----re!
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
 But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their
 glory,
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
 Considering what a *gracious prince* was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;

And at a peer or peerefs shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of *vice* be lost?
 Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord, or Rich out-whore a duke?
 A fav'rite porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lye?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
 Is it for Bond or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life,
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,---yea in life:
 Let humble Allen, with an aukward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me:
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:

But 'tis the *fall* degrades her to a whore ;
Let *greatness* own her, and she's mean no more ;
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws ;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag, inverted, trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance : Behind her crawl the old!
So thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry---
' Nothing is sacred now but villainy.'

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

S A T I R E S.

Written in M,DCC,XXXVIII.

D I A L O G U E II.

F. 'TIS all a libel---Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day,

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the sins of *thirty-nine*!

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash:

Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?

Come on then, satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind.

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!

Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall;

Ye rev'rend atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, Who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd ; the town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame---F. You mean---P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you !
The bribing statesman---F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector----F. There you stoop too
low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what ;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not ?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down ?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature, may we hunt the squires ?
Suppose I censure---you know what I mean---
To save a bishop, may I name a dean !

F. A dean, Sir ? no : His fortune is not made ;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may,
Down, down, proud satire ! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild ;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pick-pocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice !)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice ;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great ?
Alas ! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.

Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better ministers; or, if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there---why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago.
 Who now that obsolete example fears?
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence---

P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S---k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
 God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
 Pleas'd let me own, in Esler's peaceful grove
 (Where Kent and Nature vye for Pelham's love)
 The scene, the master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy desert;
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
 Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n;
 To Berkley, ev'ry virtue under Heav'n.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
 That instant I declare, he has my love:
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
 Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.

Oft, in the clear, still mirrour of retreat,
 I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
 Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
 How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the tow'r!
 How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit;
 Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field;
 Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own?
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
 train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
 Still let me say! No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise:
 Point she to priest or elder, whig or tory,
 Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord May'r.
 Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave:
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended!

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
 But random praise---the task can ne'er be done;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,

Each widow asks it for *the best of men*,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground :
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend ?
 What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command ;
 No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand ;
 To Cato Virgil pay'd one honest line ;
 O let my country's friends illumine mine !
 ---What are you thinking : F. Faith the thought's no
 fin,

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about,

F. They too may be corrupted you'll allow !

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little ? Come then, I'll comply---

Spirit of Arnall ! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,

And Littleton a dark, designing knave,

St John has ever been a wealthy fool---

But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was besides a tyrant to his wife.

But, pray, when others praise him, do I blame ?

Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name ?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplish'd St John! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows, if I treat a friend?
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do---

F. Hold Sir! for God's-fake where's th' affront to
you?

Against your worship when had S---k writ?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*]
To W---le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery be-dropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd, cou'd not be to blame,
 Since the whole house did afterwards the same. }
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one, thro' Nature's bounty, or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the house.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach ----

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write:
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had!
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's :
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who thinks a coxcomb's honour like his sense ;
 Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind ;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave :
 So impudent, I own myself no knave :
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me ;
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon ! left for truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice and insolence !
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide ;
 Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects ! whom a court maintains,
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day !
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that make saints of Queens, and gods of Kings.
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,

Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's
shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,

Than such as Anstis casts into the grave ;

Far other stars than * and * * wear,

And may descend to Mordington from Stair ;

(Such as on Hough's unfully'd mitre shine,

Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)

Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole chorus sings,

And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings ;

Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,

Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :

Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,

And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,

When truth stands trembling on the edge of law ;

Here, last of Britons ! let your names be read ;

Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead ;

And for that cause which made your fathers shine,

Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,

And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

And the world is a world of pain,

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THE
D U N C I A D:
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

THE

DUNICIA D.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

A
L E T T E R

TO THE

P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct

Edition of the D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the D U N C I A D, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: A work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

VOL. IV.

D

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprized, if this or that scribler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr P O P E one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: And some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr P O P E done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What

has that said of them ? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull : And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings ; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent ; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers ; I mean by authors *without names* ; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so ; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same, who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exil'd, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr Pope ; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open,

and benificent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles, and § discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law

§ Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

can pronounce judgment only on open facts : Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief ; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there) ; but sure it can be none here : For who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself ? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject : He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness and leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor ; but is he therefore justified in vending poison ? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling ; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings ; must poverty make nonsense sacred ? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world ; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter : It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it ; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire ; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule ? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good ; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation ? At that rate, he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these, in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers,

nor promised in return to be theirs : That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance ; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism ? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration, and of his contempt, are equally subsisting ; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, ‘ That he has a contempt for their writings.’ And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, ‘ That his own have found too much success with the ‘ public.’ But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dullness, which are still more involuntary ; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them : Deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome ; and so must dullness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure ; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition ; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all

vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation among foreigners; in the latter end of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this; I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and, on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point, I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great, without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his

manner) *Vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.* I am,

Your most humble servant,

St. James's,

Dec. 22. 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND *.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displac'd by the minister, in the sixty-eight year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

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DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it is the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr P. 1716.

THE *persons* whom Boileau has attacked, in his writings, have been, for the most part, authors, and most of those authors, *poets*: And the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL,

IT is the common cry of the *poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured* thing to expose the *pretenders* to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may, with full as good reason, be reproached with *ill-nature* for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22. 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *failures* in *genius*, or against the *pretensions* of *writing without one*.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire upon *Dullness* is a thing that has been *used* and *allowed* in *all ages*.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

Two persons whom Bolingbroke has attacked, in his writings, have been, for this most part, authors, and most of those authors poets. And the censures he has put upon them have been continued by all Europe.

GILBON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the partisans of the town, and their faction, that it is an ill-considered thing to censure the advocates to wit and poetry. The judges and great men may, with full as good reason, be reproached with the manner for pushing the laws in execution against a class of impostors. The same will hold in the case of letters. If the critics and judges will let every man pretend to scribbling, and on the

T E S T I M O N I E S

O F

A U T H O R S

C O N C E R N I N G

Our P O E T and his W O R K S.

M. S C R I B L E R U S L e c t o r i S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exertations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet : Various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection ; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a

more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparifon of the witneffes with each other, or of each with himfelf. Hence alfo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the perfon, as well as genius, and of the fortune; as well as merit, of our author : In which, if I relate fome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and fome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to confider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to infift upon fuch, and how material they feem to themfelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious : Allow me to take the fame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeft or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, fhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caffock.

We purpofed to begin with his life, parentage, and education : But as to thefe, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One faith *, he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St Omer's by Jefuits; a third ‡, not at St Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ||, that he had no univerfity education at all. Thofe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor : One faith §, he was kept by his father on purpofe; a fecond ¶, that he was an

* Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets. vol. ii. in his life.

† Dennis's Reflections on the Eflay on Crit.

‡ Dunciad diffefted, p. 4. || Guardian, No 40.

§ Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. ¶ Dunc. diffeft. p. 4.

itinerant priest; a third *, that he was a parson; one † calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another ‡, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one || supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another §, a husbandman; another ¶, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a daemon: For thus Mr Gildon **: ‘ Certain it is that his original is not
 ‘ from Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth
 ‘ nothing but horns and tail to be the exact image of
 ‘ his infernal father.’ Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

* Farmer P. and his son. † Dunciad dissected. ‡ Characters of the times, p. 45. || Female Dunciad, p. ult. § Dunciad dissected. ¶ Roome, Paraphrase on the iv. of Genesis, printed 1729. ** Character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though, in the subsequent editions of his key, he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of which hear first the most antient of critics,

Mr JOHN DENNIS.

‘ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his
 ‘ thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions ab-
 ‘ surd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes
 ‘ trivial and common;---instead of majesty, we have
 ‘ something that is very mean; instead of gravity,
 ‘ something that is very boyish; and, instead of per-
 ‘ spicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob-
 ‘ scurity and confusion.’ And, in another place:
 ‘ What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear
 ‘ that this youngster had espoused some antiquated
 ‘ Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some super-
 ‘ annuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and
 ‘ who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the
 ‘ gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so*
 ‘ *damnably* *.’

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

Mr OLDMIXON.

‘ I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criticism*
 ‘ in verse; but, if any more curious reader has disco-

* Reflections critical and satirical on a rhapsody, called, *An Essay on Criticism*. Printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.

‘ vered in it something *new*, which is not in Dryden’s
 ‘ prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic po-
 ‘ etry, not to mention the French critics, I should be
 ‘ very glad to have the benefit of the discovery *.’

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the
 modest and simple-minded

Mr LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming
 him, doth yet glance at his essay, together with the
 Duke of Buckingham’s, and the criticisms of Dryden,
 and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth †: ‘ As
 ‘ to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in
 ‘ verse and prose, that have been written by the mo-
 ‘ derns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the*
 ‘ *same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*.
 ‘ Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid
 ‘ heap of *common place*. Horace has, even in his Art
 ‘ of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly
 ‘ shew he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even
 ‘ while he was writing one.’

To all which great authorities we can only oppose
 that of

Mr ADDISON.

‘ † The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was pu-
 ‘ blished some months since, is a master-piece in its

* Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the
 author of the critical history of England.

† Pref. to his poems, p. 18--53. † Spect. No. 253.

kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the *most known* and the *most received*, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: That wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several

‘ passages that occasioned them : I cannot but take
 ‘ notice that our English author has, after the same
 ‘ manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the
 ‘ very precepts themselves.’ He then produces some
 instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and
 concludes with saying, that ‘ there are three poems in
 ‘ our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-
 ‘ piece in its kind : The Essay on Translated Verse ;
 ‘ the Essay on the Art of Poetry ; and the Essay on
 ‘ Criticism.’

Of WINDSOR-FOREST, positive is the judgment
 of the affirmative

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

‘ * That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ
 ‘ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John Den-
 ‘ ham : The author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is
 ‘ affected, is temerarious, is barbarous †.’

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from
 this opinion : ‘ Those who have seen these two excel-
 ‘ lent poems of Cooper’s Hill and Windsor-Forest, the
 ‘ one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr
 ‘ Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they ap-
 ‘ prove of this.’

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on
 Pope’s Homer.

† Printed 1728, p. 12.

Of the EPISTLE of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, ‘ That, because Prior’s Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his *Eloise in opposition to it*; but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.’ In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames. ‘ All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.’

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr P R I O R

himself, saying, in his *Alma* *,

O *Abelard*! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet’s song:
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev’d,
With kind concern and skill has weav’d
A silken web: And ne’er shall fade
Its colours: Gently has he laid
The mantle o’er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

* *Alma*, Canto II.

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet stileth this a 'laudable translation *.' That ready writer

Mr OLD MIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it †: 'The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.---I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the founding variety of the numbers: But, when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone rais'd and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.' Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30. 1728.) where he says thus: 'In order to sink in reputation, let him take into his head to de-

* In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.

† Cenfor, vol. ii. n. 33.

‘scend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will,
 ‘how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him
 ‘into English, so his version denote his neglect of the
 ‘manner how.’ Strange variation! We are told in

MIST’s JOURNAL, June 8.

‘That this translation of the Iliad was not in all re-
 ‘pects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr
 ‘Addison; insomuch that he employed a *younger muse*
 ‘in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised
 ‘himself.’ Whether Mr Addison did find it conform-
 ‘able to his taste or not, best appears from his own
 ‘testimony the year following its publication, in these
 ‘words :

Mr ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

‘When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I
 ‘am in a particular manner pleased with the labours
 ‘of those who have improved our language with the
 ‘translations of old Greek and Latin authors.---We
 ‘have already most of their Historians in our own
 ‘tongue, and what is more for the honour of our lan-
 ‘guage, it has been taught to express with elegance
 ‘the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illi-
 ‘terate among our own countrymen may learn to
 ‘judge from Dryden’s Virgil of the most perfect epic
 ‘performance. And those parts of Homer which have
 ‘been published already by Mr Pope, give us reason
 ‘to think that the Iliad will appear in English with
 ‘as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.’

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elæer*: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before* *. Contrariwise, that Mr Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26. and November 2. 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: ‘ Let him
‘ (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr T H E O B A L D, Mist’s Journal, June 8. 1728.)

‘ publish such an author as he has least studied, and
‘ forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor.
‘ In this project let him lend the bookseller his name
‘ (for a competent sum of money) to promote the cre-
‘ dit of an exorbitant subscription.’ Gentle reader,
be pleased to cast thine eye on the *proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8.
‘ The bookseller proposed the book by subscription,
‘ and raised some thousands of pounds for the same:
‘ I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits
‘ of this extravagant subscription.’

* Vid. pref. to Mr Tickel’s translation of the first book of the Iliad, quarto.

‘ After the Iliad, he undertook (faith

MIST’s JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.)

‘ the sequel of that work, the Odyfley ; and having se-
 ‘ cured the fuccefs by a numerous fubfcription, he
 ‘ employed fome *underlings* to perform what, accord-
 ‘ ing to his propofals, fhould come from his own
 ‘ hands.’ To which heavy charge we can in truth
 oppofe nothing but the words of

Mr POPE’s PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.)

‘ I take this occafion to declare, that the fubfcription
 ‘ for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr Tonfon : And
 ‘ that the benefit of *this propofal* is not folety for my
 ‘ own ufe, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have
 ‘ *affifted me in this work.*’ But thefe very gentlemen
 are extolled above our poet himfelf in another of Mift’s
 Journals, March 30. 1728, faying, ‘ That he would
 ‘ not advife Mr Pope to try the experiment again of
 ‘ getting a great part of a book done by affiftants,
 ‘ left thofe extraneous parts fhould unhappily afcend
 ‘ to the fublime, and retard the declenfion of the
 ‘ whole.’ Behold ! thefe *underlings* are become good
 writers !

If any fay, that before the faid propofals were print-
 ed, the fubfcription was begun without declaration of
 fuch affiftance ; verily thofe who fet it on foot, or (as
 their term is) fecurity it, to wit, the right honourable
 the Lord Vifcount Harcourt, were he living, would :

testify, and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify the same is a falshood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

‘ Mr Addison rais'd this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.’ Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad dissected reporteth, Mr Wycherley had before ‘ introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.’

‘ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.’ Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser, the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! but if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those persons of integrity, who, se-

veral years before Mr Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

‘ † Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

‘ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.’ Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7, that ‘ these verses, which he

† Daily Journal, March 18. 1728,

‘ had before given him leave to insert in it, would be
 ‘ known for his, some copies being got abroad. He
 ‘ desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been
 ‘ read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not de-
 ‘ prive it of them,’ &c. Surely, if we add the testi-
 monies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the Lady to
 whom the said verses were originally addressed, of
 Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our
 author’s, long before the said gentleman composed his
 play; it is hoped, the ingenuous, that affect not error,
 will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honou-
 rable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no
 less than his enmity both to church and state, which
 could come from no other informer than the said

Mr J A M E S-M O O R E S M I T H.

‘ † The memoirs of parish clerk was a very dull
 ‘ and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of
 ‘ our religion and constitution, and who has been dead
 ‘ many years.’ This seemeth also most untrue; it
 being known to divers that these memoirs were writ-
 ten at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire,
 before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet’s) death,
 and many years before the appearance of that histo-
 ry, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most
 true it is, that Mr Moore had such a design, and was
 himself the man who pressed Dr Arbuthnot and Mr

† Daily Journal, April 3. 1728.

Pope to assist him therein ; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to have turned upon the ‘ Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.’ This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foregoing right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers ; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same ; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted ; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author ; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines ;

- ‘ And yet so wond’rous, so sublime a thing,
- ‘ As the great Iliad scarce could make me sing,
- ‘ Unless I justly could at once commend
- ‘ A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend* ;
- ‘ One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur’d deed*,
- ‘ Can all desert in sciences exceed †.’

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- ‘ Say, wond’rous youth, what column wilt thou
- ‘ chuse,
- ‘ What laurel’d arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
- ‘ Tho’ each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
- ‘ Tho’ ev’ry laurel thro’ the dome be thine,
- ‘ Go to the *good* and *just*, an awful train!
- ‘ *Thy soul’s delight* ‡.-----

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe § :

- ‘ O! ever worthy, ever crown’d with praise!
- ‘ Blest in thy *life* and blest in all thy *lays*.
- ‘ Add, that the sisters ev’ry thought refine,
- ‘ And ev’n thy *life*, be *faultless* as thy line.

† Verses to Mr P. on his translation of Homer.

‡ Poem prefixed to his works.

§ In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

‘ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 ‘ Obscures the *virtue* and defames the Muse.
 ‘ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief resign’d,
 ‘ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.’

The witty and moral satirist

Dr EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners
 of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a
 task so worthy of his virtue :

‘ Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s
 ‘ train,
 ‘ Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain † ?

Mr MALLET,

In his epistle on verbal criticism :

‘ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays :
 ‘ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.’

Mr HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his
 Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

‘ Now, fir’d by Pope, and *Virtue*, leave the age,
 ‘ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 ‘ And trace the author thro’ his moral page,
 ‘ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.’

† Universal passion, sat. r.

Mr THOMSON,

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons :

- ‘ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,
- ‘ Yet in his *life* the more endearing song.’

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr WILLIAM BROOME.

- ‘ † Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue’s* cause,
- ‘ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ *unerring laws*.’

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St Patrick’s :

- ‘ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,
- ‘ By patriots, priests, and poets taught,
- ‘ Whose filial piety excels
- ‘ Whatever Grecian story tells.
- ‘ A genius for each bus’ness fit,
- ‘ Whole meanest talent is his wit, &c.’

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First a-

† In his poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

gain commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his reflections on the essay on criticism, thus describeth him: ‘ A little affected hypocrite, who has
 ‘ nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship,
 ‘ good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so
 ‘ great a lover of falshood, that, whenever he has a
 ‘ mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands
 ‘ them with some defect which is just *contrary to some*
 ‘ *good quality*, for which all their *friends and their ac-*
 ‘ *quaintance* commend them. He seems to have a par-
 ‘ ticular pique to *people of quality*, and authors of that
 ‘ rank.—He must derive his religion from St Omer’s.’
 But in the character of Mr P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, ‘ Though he is a
 ‘ professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it* ;’
 but that ‘ nevertheless, he is a *virulent papist*, and yet a
 ‘ *pillar for the church of England*.’

Of both which opinions

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist’s Journal of June 22. 1718, That, if he is not shrewdly abused, ‘ he
 ‘ made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their
 ‘ own sentiments.’ But, as to his *pique* against *people of quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8. 1728.) ‘ He had, by some means

‘ or other, the *acquaintance* and *friendship* of the *whole*
 ‘ *body of our nobility*’

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, ‘ That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions ; he is a beast and a man ; a Whig and a Tory ; a writer (at one and the same time) * of Guardians and Examiners ; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings ; a Jesuitical professor of truth ; a base and a foul pretender to candour.’ So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man ; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous : For one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast* †. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen* ; advises him to *insure his person* ; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life* ‡. One desires he would *cut his own throat*, or *hang himself* §. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution ¶. Mr Dennis himself hath written to a *minister*,

* The names of two weekly papers.

† Theobald, letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22. 1728.

‡ Smedley, pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14. 16. § *Gulliveriana*, p. 332. ¶ Anno 1723.

that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom* * ; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy* to his country ; a monster, that *will one day shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets †. Another gives information of *treason* discovered in his poem ‡. Mr Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *kings and princesses* §. And one Mathew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most *sacred names* in this nation, as members of the *Dunciad* §!

This is prodigious ! yet it is almost as strange, that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr THEOBALD,
in censuring his Shakespear, declares, ‘ He has so great
‘ an *esteem* for Mr Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his
‘ *genius* and *excellencies*, that, notwithstanding he

* Anno 1729.

† Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p 12.
and in the last page of that treatise.

‡ Page 6. 7. of the preface, by Concanen, to a book,
entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses,
and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift’s
Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, 8vo, 1712.

§ Key to the Dunciad, third edition, p. 18.

§ A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the foremen-
tioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

‘ professes a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for the
 ‘ writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very
 ‘ loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that
 ‘ *other gentleman’s* character *.’

Mr CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at
 last came to wish, from his heart, ‘ That Mr Pope
 ‘ would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s Epistles
 ‘ by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of
 ‘ Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness
 ‘ in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And
 ‘ this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because, in the
 ‘ English tongue, we have scarce any thing truly and
 ‘ naturally written upon love †.’ He also, in taxing
 Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of
 Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr Pope hath
 said in his preface to that poet.

Mr OLD MIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; ‘ declares the
 ‘ purity and perfection of the English language to
 ‘ be found in his Homer; and saying there are more
 ‘ good verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any other
 ‘ work, except this of our author only ‡.’

* Introduction to his *Shakespeare restored*, in 4to,
 p. 3.

† *Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay*,
 3vo, 1721, p. 97. 98. ‡ In his prose *Essay on Criticism*.

The Author of a Letter to Mr CIBBER

says, ‘ * Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his
‘ predecessor Mr Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr
‘ Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal
‘ to any body’s. And, that he *had* all the merit that
‘ a man can have that way.’ And

Mr THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,

‘ But in his other works what beauties shine!
‘ While sweetest Music dwells in ev’ry line.
‘ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
‘ And bade them live to brighten future days †.’

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell ‡,
in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr Pope,
confesseth,

‘ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
‘ (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
‘ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
‘ Pope more than we can offer should receive:

* Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

† Battle of poets, folio, p. 15.

‡ Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

‘ For when some gliding river is his theme,
 ‘ His lines run smother than the smoothest
 ‘ stream,’ &c.

MIST’s JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

Although he says, ‘ The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;’ yet that same paper hath these words : ‘ The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similies, wonderfully short, and thick sown.*’

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

Mr COLLEY CIBBER,

who ‘ grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:’ But adds, ‘ it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion†.’ Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself*, as the great Mr Dennis did before him.

† Cibber’s Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9. 12.

The said

Mr DENNIS and Mr GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert † confess, ‘ That some

† *in concert*] Hear how Mr Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place. ‘ As to my writing in *concert* with Mr Gildon, I declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew, That we are not writers in *concert* with each other.

Sir,

‘ —The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my matter agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.’

‘ Sir,

‘ I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves,’ &c. CH. GILDON.

‘ Now, is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write

‘men of *good understanding* value him for his rhymes.’
 And (p. 17.) ‘That he has got, like Mr Bayes in
 ‘the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr Dryden), a notable
 ‘knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.’

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

‘Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
 ‘All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain,
 ‘I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
 ‘Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
 ‘Thy Muse sublime, significant and clear,
 ‘Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear,’ &c.

And

Mr LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote † to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said essay: ‘I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry
 ‘hath lately met with, I was surpris’d to see what I
 ‘had long despaired, a performance deserving the name

‘in partnership with him to whom he sends them?’
 Dennis remarks on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

† In a letter under his hand, dated March 12. 1733.

‘ of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed,
 ‘ above all commendation, and ought to have been
 ‘ published in an age and country more worthy of it.
 ‘ If my testimony be of weight any where, you are
 ‘ sure to have it in the amplest manner,’ &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the essay on criticism to this day of the Dunciad! ‘ A most notorious instance (quoth he) of
 ‘ the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation* this
 ‘ essay meets with † — I can safely affirm, that I never
 ‘ attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success*
 ‘ *infinitely* beyond their merit.—This, though an
 ‘ empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic
 ‘ madness of the times has given him *reputation* ‡.—If,
 ‘ after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men
 ‘ (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this
 ‘ country, for these last hundred years, I should shift
 ‘ the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once
 ‘ to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away
 ‘ upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater
 ‘ part of those extraordinary men; the reader to
 ‘ whom this one creature should be unknown, would
 ‘ fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would be-

† Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

‡ Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

‘ lieve that all the great qualities of these persons were
 ‘ centered in him alone. But if I should venture to
 ‘ assure him, that the *people of England* had made such
 ‘ a choice—the reader would either believe me a *ma-*
 ‘ *licious enemy and slanderer* ; or that the reign of the
 ‘ last (Queen Anne’s) *ministry* was designed by fate to
 ‘ encourage *fools* †.’

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription, for his Homer, of L. 200 from K. George I. and L. 100 from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author’s success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr Dennis ‡ ascribes to him *two farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them* : And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* §. The Daily Journal, May 11. 1728, assures us, ‘ He is below
 ‘ Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer
 ‘ thinks) the Marriage Hater matched, and the Board-
 ‘ ing School, are better than the What-d’ye-call-it ;’ which is not Mr P.’s, but Mr Gay’s. Mr Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. ‘ That he was

† Rem. on Homer, p. 8. 9.

‡ Ibid. p. 8.

§ Character of Mr Pope, p. 7.

‘ writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey ;’ but it afterwards proved to be Mr Row’s. We are assured by another, ‘ He wrote a pamphlet called Dr Andrew ‘ Tripe † ;’ which proved to be one of Dr Wagstaff’s. Mr Theobald assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, ‘ That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and ‘ that Mr Pope is the author of it.’ The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, ‘ the ‘ whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise ‘ must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver ‡.’ [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in *Mist* of June 8. ‘ That his own ‘ plays and farces would better have adorned the ‘ *Dunciad*, than those of Mr Theobald; for he had ‘ neither genius for tragedy nor comedy.’ Which, whether true or not, is not easy to judge; in as much as he hath attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend’s play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: ‘ Now let any man ‘ judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true ‘ mother of the child §.’

† Character of Mr Pope, p. 6.

‡ Gulliv. p. 376.

§ Cibber’s Letter to Mr P. p. 19.

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy†: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public‡. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed: If it did, he fathered it upon that author, to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and

† Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

‡ The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Of the P O E M.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and

so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssæy*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: And was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money,

by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either : For they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

* Now, our author living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view, he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, *Dulness* and *Poverty* ; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in *allegory* †, (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works ‡. He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce || : Then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them § ; and (above all) that *self-opinion* ¶ which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is,

* Vide Bossu, Du poeme Epique, chap. viii.

† Bossu, chap. vii.

‡ Book I. ver 32, &c.

|| Ver. 45. to 54.

§ Ver. 57. 77.

¶ Ver. 80.

and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance, (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one great and remarkable action* *; and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dullness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer, singing only the *wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a name †: He finds it to be ———; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole pow'r, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *episodes*, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end.

* Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

† Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libellous novellist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest: Assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, ‘a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many ‘*silly flies*’: But adds, our author’s wit is remarkably ‘more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul ‘on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever.’

The *descriptions* are singular, the *comparisons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *diction* is so preserved, that, in

* Cibber’s Letter to Mr P. pag. 9. 12. 41.

the places most suspicious, not the *words*, but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe and indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the antients; in so much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and the poet himself; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant, abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: Which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at this season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy: Though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred* *. True it is,

* See his *Essays*.

that the talents for *criticism*, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: But it is far otherwise in *poetry*; witness the works of Mr Rymer and Mr Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author chuse to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But, when he cometh to speak of the *person* of the *hero* fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a

real subject, meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *hero*, and put upon such action as befiteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *sons* of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *goose* and *serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an antient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: 'Si Dii non irascuntur
' *impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt.*
' *In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem mo-*
' *veri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque, qui bonos*
' *diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec*
' *bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malo-*
' *rum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate de-*
' *scendit.*' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: 'If the Gods be not provoked at
' *evil men, neither are they delighted with the good*
' *and just. For contrary objects must either excite*
' *contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that*
' *he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate*
' *the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot*
' *love the good; because, to love good men, proceed-*
' *eth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men,*
' *from a tenderness to the good.'* From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *Little Epic*, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and com-

plexion incline her to the flegmatic); and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contention of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *favourite of Minerva*; who, after having quietly born all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the *Greater Epic* should be an *honest man*? or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme**: But it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the *Little Epic* should be just the con-

* Si un heros poetique doit être un honnête homme?
Bosſu du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

trary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the *Moral* of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the *parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus, it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are *Wisdom Bravery, and Love*, from whence springeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero, should be *Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *Heroic Dullness*, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? ‘Let
 ‘ the world (will such an one say) impute to me what
 ‘ folly or weakness they please; but till *Wisdom* can
 ‘ give me something that will make me more heartily
 ‘ happy, I am content to be GAZED AT *.’ This, we see, is *Vanity* according to the *heroic* gage or measure;

* Ded. to the life of C. C.

not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *virtues we have not*, but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *vices*, which every body knows *we have*. ‘The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them †.’ In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, ‘Whether it would not be *vanity* in him, to take shame to himself for *not being a wise Man ‡*?’

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that same courage all collected into the *face*. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is without doubt the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man’s, who having told us that he placed ‘his *Summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,’ adds, ‘*If I am misguided, ’TIS NATURE’S FAULT, and I follow HER §.*’ Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *Courage*, when we consider

† Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

‡ Life, *ibid.*

§ Life, p. 23. octavo.

those illustrious marks of it, which made his FACE
 ‘ more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the
 ‘ kingdom,’ and his *Language* to consist of what we
 must allow to be the most *daring* figure of speech,
 that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true hero’s
 composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shake-
 spear calls it) *summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in
 the heat of *Youth*; doubtless by that refinement it
 suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which
 our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let
 alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth strength by
Old-age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little
 epic. It is true indeed, there is one objection to its
 fitness for such an use: For not only the ignorant may
 think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by
 him who best knoweth its value. ‘ Don’t you think
 ‘ (argueth he) to say only *a man has his whore* †,
 ‘ ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit*
 ‘ *numerus*. Take the first ten thousand men you meet,
 ‘ and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted
 ‘ ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one
 ‘ with another, had been guilty of the same frailty ‡.’
 But here he seemeth not to have done justice to him-
 self: The man is sure enough a hero, who hath his
 lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein les-

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr Arbuthnot:

‘ And has not Colly *still* his Lord and Whore,
 ‘ His Butchers Henly, his Free Masons Moore?

‡ Letter to Mr P. p. 46.

seen the merit of a *whole well-spent* life: not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

———Servetur ad I M U M
Qualis ab incepto processerat.———

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concubines*?

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonry*, the source of *Ridicule*, that 'laughing ornament,' as he well termeth it †, of the little epic.

† Letter to Mr P. p. 31.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. ‘As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design MUST have been by *that Faculty* as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *os sublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above them †.’ All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*? and whose *os sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden ‡?

But, whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of so small avail, without the constant *assistance of the Gods*: For the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Duinens. So weighty an atchievement must require the particular favour of the great: Who being the natural patrons and supporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion

† Life, p. 23. 24.

‡ Letter, p. 8.

of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and Intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that and much stronger is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus we have essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-Hero* or *Phantom*: But it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as becometh any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there repre-

sented as fast asleep ; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of providence, should never doze nor slumber. ‘ Hah ! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems ! that’s a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool †.’ However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that tho’ it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will ‡ *live* at least, tho’ not *awake* ; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer ; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* §.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero’s title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or *Æneis* pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of

† Letter, p. 53. ‡ Letter, p. 1. § Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.

one of his patrons, (a person ' never a hero even on ' the stage *') to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dullness, and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae* : That every man is the Smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. ' Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to atchieve them.' From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself : At one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition †; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy ‡; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty ||; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power §: At another time, to the godlike Socrates, for diversions and amusements ¶; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired †; to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of

* See Life, p. 143. † Life, p. 149. ‡ P. 424.

|| Life, p. 366. § P. 457. ¶ P. 18. † P. 425.

eloquence * ; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself in the art of writing *pastoral letters* †.

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he *met the Revolution* ‡ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps : He was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour of this Revolution* § ; and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies §.

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess ; but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both ¶. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault : For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought nobody's son at all* †† : And what is that but coming into the world a hero ?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men ; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion : For, like as the antient sages found

* P. 436. 437. † P. 52. ‡ P. 47. § P. 57.
§ P. 58. 59. ¶ A Statuary. †† Life, p. 6.

a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phoebus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful *Gamester*. And who fitter than the offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, ‘That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

——ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: Dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet;

‘if no man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: This species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour.’

But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. ‘Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with.’ Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, ‘My superiors perhaps may

' be mended by him; but for my part I own myself
' incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part
' of my fortune *.' And with good reason: We see
to what they have brought him.

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, ' Is it (saith he) a time
' of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up
' a new character? I can no more put off my follies
' than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too
' close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased
' with them, for in this light I afford them frequent
' matter of mirth, &c. &c †.' Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopoeian*) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel* and *embalm* him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore, (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT ‡.

Tandem Phoebus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus §.

* P. 19. † P. 17. ‡ Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit.
§ Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the *Act* for subjecting Poets to the Power of a *Licenser*, we have revised this piece ; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain *Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom*, of the name of TIBBALD ; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on *Majesty*, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another person the *Crown of Poesy* : We have ordered the said *Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom*, utterly to *vanish and evaporate* out of this work : And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE *himself*. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.

THE
D U N C I A D:

TO
DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

B O O K I.

A R G U M E N T.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription.

Then the original of the great empire of *Dulness*, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the *Goddeſs* in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem *haſtes into the miſt of things*, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on *Bays* to be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject of the poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his books, giving up the

cause, and apprehending the period of her empire : After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting it upon the poem of *Thule*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries ; then, announcing the death of *Eusden* the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

B O O K I.

TH E mighty mother, and her son, who brings,
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!

Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate:

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,

Still dunces the second reigns like dunces the first;

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,

And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,

E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,

Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night;

Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,

Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave;

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,

She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,

For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,

Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!

Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,

Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair;

Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,

Or thy griev'd country's copper-chains unbind;

From thy Boeotia though her pow'r retires,

Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our realm acquires.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread

To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,

And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie;
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders makes;
There motely images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command;
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave;
(Pomps, without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and fatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much too the mindful queen the feast recalls,
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their antient praise,
And sure succession down from Haywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd, and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;
Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune) an ill-run at play,
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day;
Swearing and supperless the hero sat,
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slip'd through cracks and zig-zags of the head;

All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on out-side merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own.
 Here, swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic library of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
 But high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, fav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
That altar crowns : A folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base :
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre :
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last labours of the Butt and Bays :
O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view :
O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind !
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense.
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread ;
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead !
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky ;
As clocks to weight the nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire,

Some daemon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same:
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fallen lame.
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right-hand my god?
 Or chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace?
 (A friend to party thou and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness's Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?
 Or rob Rome's antient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er;
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear ;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer :
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's,
Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought !
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny !
Unslain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets ;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land ;
Not sail with Ward, in ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire ;
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your fire !
O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest,
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest !
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace !)
Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face :
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand ;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes :
The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns.

Great Caesar roars, and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims;
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes
 When the last blaze sent Hion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed.
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plan'd th' imperial seat of Fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind:
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
 How, with less reading than makes felons' scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. 'All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of antient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on, my sons,
Light arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne:
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;

Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land :
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat :
God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God save king Colley ! cries ;
God save king Colley ! Drury-lane replies :
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll ! each butcher roars at Hockley-holl. !

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log !

THE
D U N C I A D.

B O O K II.

A R G U M E N T.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public *Games* and sports of various kinds ; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the *Goddeſs* in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the *Booksellers*, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a *Poeteſs*. Then follow the Exerciſes for the *Poets* of *tickling*, *vociſerating*, *diving* : The firſt holds forth the arts and practices

A R G U M E N T.

of *Dedicators*, the second of *Disputants* and *fustian Poets*, the third of *profound, dark, and dirty party-writers*. Lastly, for the *Critics*, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise not of their parts, but their patience in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in *verse*, and the other in *prose*, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally, and necessarily ends the games.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone,
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
Great Cibber sate: The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New age their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald-hawkers high heroic games.
They summon all her race: An endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land:
A motely mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, and crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole oncè o'er-look'd the strand,
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air:
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and founding strain,
But senseless, lifeless: Idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
'This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
'With me began this genius, and shall end.'
He spoke: And who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute, Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl: 'Behold that rival here!

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
“ So take the hindmost Hell, (he said) and run.”
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg’d Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl’s Corinna chanc’d that morn to make :
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before her neighbour’s shop,)
Here fortun’d Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray’d,
Fall’n in the plash his wickedness had laid :
The first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv’d a pray’r.

Hear Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God’s, or more ;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope’s arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply.

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'm back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.

Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: Delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son, thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town:
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade;
 Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;
 Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure,
 Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?

In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love, close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: 'Who best can send on high
'The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
'His be yon Juno of majestic size,
'With cow-like udders and with ox-like eyes.
'This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
'Replenish not ingloriously at home.'

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd),
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
 Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain ;
 Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
 ' He wins this patron who can tickle best.'

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
 With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
 Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our operas :
 Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
 But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, grips his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
 A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows ! the Queen of Love
 His sister sends, her vot'refs, from above.
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ;

Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's secretary.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let others aim : 'Tis your's to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand :
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey-tribe :
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in ;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin and Theses thick ;
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) A cat-call each shall win ;
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the gild awake ;

Sore sigh's Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :
 So swells each wind-pipe : Afs intones to Afs,
 Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
 High found attemp' red to the vocal nose :
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine ;
 There Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield
 thine.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
 In Tot'nam-fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ;
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round ;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)
 To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

• Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
 • Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin ;
 • And who the most in love of dirt excell,
 • Or dark dexterity of groping well,
 • Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 • The stream, be his the weekly journals bound ;

‘ A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
‘ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.’

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing, thus, ‘ And am I now three-score ?
‘ Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?’
He said, and climb’d a stranded lighter’s height,
Shot to the black abyfs, and plung’d downright.
The Senior’s judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley div’d ; slow circles dimpled o’er
The quaking mud, that clos’d and op’d no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost :
Smedley in vain resounds thro’ all the coast.

Then * essay’d ; scarce vanish’d out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
He bears no token of the fabler streams ;
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep ;
If perseverance gain the diver’s prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
No noise, no stir, no motion can’st thou make,
Th’ unconscious stream sleeps o’er thee like a lake.

Next plung’d a feeble, but a desp’rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number’d with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those,
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupified to stone !

And monumental brass this record bears,
 ' These are,—ah no! these were the gazetteers!'

Not so bold Arnal; with a weight of skull,
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the journal and the lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud,
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how, shown him by the Nut-brown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That, tinctur'd as it runs, with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: And hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep;
There all, from Paul's to Aldgate, drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks, where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.

'Receive (he said) these robes, which once were mine;
'Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress,
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any god or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well known
Fleet

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise, to close the games.

'Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales
'I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
'Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
'My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
'Attend the trial we propose to make:
'If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
'Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
'Who boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;

‘ To him we grant our amplest pow’rs to sit
‘ Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
‘ To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
‘ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.’

Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The pond’rous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring:
The clam’rous crowd is hush’d with mugs of mum,
Till, all tun’d equal, send a gen’ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
At ev’ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse or prose infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim’d to speak, but thrice suppress’d
By potent Arthur, knock’d his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow’d to *Christ’s No kingdom here*.
Who sat the nearest, by the words o’ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll’d the books; stretch’d o’er ‘em
lies

Each gentle clerk, and, mutt’ring, seals his eyes

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes ;
What Dulness dropt among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest :
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail ;
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale ;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er ;
Morgan and Mandevil could prat no more :
Norton, from Daniel and Ostroea sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head ;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews :
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house' ever-open gate !
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

THE
D U N C I A D:

B O O K III.

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the *Elysian shade*; where, on the banks of *Lethe*, the souls of the dull are dipped by *Bavius*, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Vision*, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: How small a part of

the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of *Great Britain*, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject *Settle* breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with *farces*, *operas*, and *shows*; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the *theatres*, and set up even at *court*: Then how her sons shall preside in the seats of *Arts* and *Sciences*; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her glory; the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness lap th' anointed head repos'd:
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew;
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness, meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no
more.)

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale, where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light;

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears ;
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son :

Oh born to see what none can see awake !
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore :
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Boeotian to Boeotian roll ?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?
How many stages thro' old monks she rid ;
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's Maeanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring ;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful fwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.

For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign ;
 And let the past and future fire thy brain,

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
 (Earth's wide extremes) her fable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
 And orient science their bright course begun :
 One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds ;
 Heav'ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise,
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall :
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
 Embodys'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
 Lo ! where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns !
 See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
 Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall!
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n the Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods:
'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsy-wolfey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been!
In peace, great Goddesses ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddesses to imperial sway;

This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first that youth, who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee:
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sowerer sighs return.

Jacob the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him blunderbuss of law.
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All croud who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme ; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks ;
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls !

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer ;
 Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ;
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis ! Gildon ah ! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons ! be foes no more !
 Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind !

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a consul, this commissioner.

' But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
 ' Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?'
 Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
 On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrow'n'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
'Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henly! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh! my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis your's, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,

Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, 'Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now what Dulness and her sons admire:
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophecy'd)
And look'd, and saw a fable forc'er rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought?

Son ; what thou seek'st is in thee ! Look and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more ? In yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farfenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
 A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controuls,
 Wings the red light'ning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air,
 New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn ;
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ? These wonders are thy own.
 These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah ! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
 Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise,
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :

Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes :
Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on !
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it heav'n ? that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets ;
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last ;
'Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway :
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend ;
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears ! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !

In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here ! here all ye heroes bow !
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes :
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year !
See the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phoebus wears the bays !
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays !
On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ !
Lo ! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit !
See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politics, O Swift ! thy fate ;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed, great days ! 'till learning fly the shore,
'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play,
'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
'Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in port !
Enough ! enough ! the raptur'd monarch cries ;
And thro' the iv'ry gate the vision flies.

THE
D U N C I A D:

B O O K IV.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation* ; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth. How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silenceth the *Muses* ; and *what* they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her ; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts ; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of Dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her ; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival ; but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form

are the *Genius's* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining Youth to *Words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer ; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The *Universities* appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of *Education*. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen returned from *Travel*, with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels* : Presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Persons* abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness : To these approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos*, and assign them over to him : But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents : Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature : But he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mentioned, in the study of *Butter-flies*, *Shells*, *Bird-nests*, *Moss*,

&c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the *Minute Philosophers* and *Free-thinkers*, one of whom speaks in name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taste the cup of *Magus* her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various kinds; confers on them *Orders* and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his *Privileges*, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of *Night* and *Chaos*, conclude the Poem.

B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powr's! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light;
Of dull and venal a new world to mold
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: Her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
(Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
Her blunted arms by Sophistry are born,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,

Gasp, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her page the word.
 Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
 Now to pure space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds it square.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye :
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
 But sober history restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head ;
 Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo ! a harlot form, soft sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :
 By singing peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O Cara ! Cara ! silence all that train :
 Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign :
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore !*

Another Phoebus, thy own Phoebus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense :
 Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress ; or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne,
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of head :
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing bees about their dusky Queen.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng ;
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.

Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of Dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;
 Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the great ;

Who, false to Phoebus, bow the knee to Baal ;
Or impious, preach his word without a call ;
Patrons who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head ;
Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown ;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite,

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air ;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair ;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by :
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—' Thus revive the wits !'
But murder first and mince them all to bits ;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
A new edition of old Æson gave ;
Let standard authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.

And you, my critics ! in the checquer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own ;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit ;
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess's press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But sops shews sops superior complaisance.
When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ;
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
Dropping with infants blood, and mothers tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs ;
Eaton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled ; Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is
known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better,
Plac'd at the door of learning youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry Muse gave o'er;
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pultney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.
Oh (cry'd the goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

May you, may Cām, and Isis preach it long!
 “The right divine of kings to govern wrong.”

Prompt at the call around the goddesses roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal :
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle’s friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash’d thro’ thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyke.
 As many quit the streams that murm’ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg’ret and Clarehall,
 Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
 Before them march’d that awful Aristarch ;
 Plow’d was his front with many a deep remark :
 His hat, which never veil’d to human pride,
 Walker with rev’rence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow’d the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God,
 Mistrefs! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt!——is Aristarchus yet unknown ?
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary’d pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton’s strains :
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians, know your better :
 Author of something yet more great than letter ;
 While tow’ring o’er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o’ertops them all.

'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*;
To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In antient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobaeus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.

Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a *Nous*.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddefs, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrud ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school ?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse ;
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
 Then take him to develop, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man.
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
 Walker ! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And, titt'ring, push'd the pedants off the place :
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French-horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St James's and the queen.
 When thus th' attendant orator begun,
 Receive, great empress ! thy accomplish'd son :

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The fire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Though gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man;
Thro' school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal sense of op'ras, or the fair;

The stews and palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *hors-d'oeuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground;
 And last turn'd *air*, the echo of a sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough chuse him, not undone:
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her to receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame,
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at Segate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loitt'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 Thee, too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd, but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty feer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
dines.

Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat;
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
'Thy choicer milts on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Caesars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in antient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To heedless Phoebe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an antient sistrum at his head:

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine, is all the horned race;

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chac'd him on the deep,
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there;
I bought them shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.

To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The goddess smiling, seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts, black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the pow'r,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head,

Then thron'd in glafs, and nam'd it CAROLINE :
Each maid cry'd, charming ! and each youth, divine !
Did Nature's pencil ever blend fuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?
Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
No maid cries, charming ! and no youth, divine !
And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose infect lust
Lay'd this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r
The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r :
It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
It stopt, I stopt : it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd :
Rose or carnation, was below my care ;
I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless *butterfly*.

My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends,

The common soul of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
 The dull may waken to a humming bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss;
 The head that turns at super-lunar things,
 Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkin's wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
 And reason giv'n them but to study *flies*!
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
 And let the author of the whole escape:
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
 We nobly take the high priori road,
 And reason downward till we doubt of God:—

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan :
And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place ;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Makes God man's image, man the final cause.
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in *self*, and but in self be born :
Of nought so certain as our *reason* still,
Of nought so doubtful as of *soul* and *will*.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee :
Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
While thro' poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves ;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy fire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;
Then snapt his box, and stroak'd his belly down :
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
Then thus. From priest-craft happily set free,
Lo ! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee :
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth;
 Now to thy shade from all their glory shrunk,
 All melted down, in pension or in punk!
 So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast;
 Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a Wizard old his cup extends,
 Which who so tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies.
 A *Feather* shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled,
 Lost is his god, his country, ev'ry thing;
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs:
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
 But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
 Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the Syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing;
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule:
'The fire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn.
'The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads,
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *Seve and Verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy treuffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain,
Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles and Degrees*.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

Impale a glow-worm, or Vertu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
 Some deep free-masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.
 Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 His and Cam made doctors of her laws.

Then blessing all, Go children of my care!
 To practice now from theory repair,
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.
 The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ;
 With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race ;
 From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the fun ;
 The learned Baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ;
 The judge to dance his brother sergent call ;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
 The bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye ;
 The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more :

And nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the land.

More she had spoke, but yawn'd: All Nature nods:
 What mortal can resist the yawn of Gods?
 Churches and chaples instantly it reach'd,
 St James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd:
 Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept awake;
 The convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefs' armies doz'd out the campaign;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and Dunces none),
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose compleatly blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
 'Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
 wrong.—

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the fable throne behold
 [Of *Night* primæval, and of *Chaos* old!

Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out; and all is night.
See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense;
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires;
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And Universal Darkness buries All.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the
D U N C I A D, in three Books, printed at DUBLIN
and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER † to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat
surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against
a man of the highest distinction and character, either
in the state or in literature, the public in general afford
it a most quiet reception ; and the larger part accept
it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to

† *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain ; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, ' that
' most judges are of opinion this preface is not of Eng-
' lish extraction, but Hibernian,' &c. He means it
was written by Dr Swift, who, whether publisher or
not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem.
For when he, together with Mr Pope, (for reasons
specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*), determi-

themselves: Whereas, if a known scoundrel or block-head but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms; and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

ned to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it; and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common news papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with † pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a ‡ hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey,

universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

† *Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

‡ *About an hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate,

the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is, the ‡ author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked || no man living, who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

(Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9.) 'Tho' I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain glorious* incumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise,*' &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

‡ *The author of the following poem, &c.]* A very plain irony, speaking of Mr Pope himself.

|| The publisher in these words went a little too far:

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly † nothing in his stile and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For, if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six ‡ years of his life, and that he wholly

But it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly intitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

† *There is certainly nothing in his stile, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr Pope.

‡ *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was

retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

O mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,

Duncia †!

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem;

honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, pref. to *Sawney*. ‘We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application. It is no great compliment to the author’s sense, to have employed so large a part of his life,’ &c. So also Ward, pref. to *Durgen*, ‘The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time, and closeness of application, were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.’

They just as well understood what *Scriblerus* said of the poem.

† The preface to *Curl’s Key*, p. 3. took this word to be really in *Statius*. ‘By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.’ Mr Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the antients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the person than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed

him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

It.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes,
in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it; but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscu-*

city of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever so inconfidible or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account : For since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions ; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing ; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the Antients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them ; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from

the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

III.

A LIST of
BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,
In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

Reflections critical and satirical on a late Raphfody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett, Esq; printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr Th——] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr Dennis, printed for E. Curl. 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate: Or, a Letter from Palaemon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters

to a friend. By Mr Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements in the public Prints.

British Journal, November 25. 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ. by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18. 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore-Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James Moore-Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation; or, a Supplement to the art of sinking in poetry. [Supposed by Mr Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo ditto. By James Moore-Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr P. [By Mr Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore-Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore-Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr Swift, and against Mr P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 24. Letter about the translation of the character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an older date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary bookfellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner. — 'The Confederates, a farce. By Captain Breval, ' (for which he is put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Colonel Duckett, ' (for which he is put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. ' By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the ' Dunciad.) And so of others.

After the DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally decla-

red, ‘ That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and
 ‘ advertisements was forged and untrue; that all
 ‘ mouths had been silent, except in Mr Pope’s praise;
 ‘ and nothing against him published, but by Mr Theo-
 ‘ bald.’]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad;
 with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person
 never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] prin-
 ted for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl,
 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with addi-
 tions, 12mo.

The Ropiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Den-
 nis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr
 Curl, 12mo, price 6d. With the metamorphosis of
 P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr Foxston, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus.
 By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mr Thomas,
 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present
 times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C.
 Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from
 Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By John Old-
 mixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr Dennis, dedica-
 ted to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald,

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the news-papers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9. 1728, with this remarkable promise, that '*any thing which any body should send as Mr Pope's or Dr Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.*'

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *one epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a lady [or between a lady, a lord, and a court 'squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

IV.

A

P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr DRYDEN and Mr POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense *a*. A true republican son of monarchical church *b*. A republican atheist *c*. Dryden was from the beginning an *αλλοπροσαλλος*, and I doubt not will continue so to the last *d*.

In the poem called *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The King, the Queen, the Lords,

a Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, octavo, 1698, page 6.

b Page 38. *c*. Page 192.

d. Page 8.

W
A
P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr P O P E and Mr D R Y D E N.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr P O P E.

His P O L I T I C S, R E L I G I O N, M O R A L S.

MR P O P E is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *a*. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent *b*. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high flyer *c*. He is both a whig and tory *d*.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments *e*.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are, The

a Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii. *b* Dunciad dissected.

c Preface to Gulliveriana. *d* Dennis, Character of Mr P.

e Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22. 1728.

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and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed; but the whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself *a*.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor *b*. His very Christianity may be questioned *c*. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others *d*. With as good a right as Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility *e*.

Mr DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre *f*. Mr Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question *g*.

Mr DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Maevius, or a Bathyllus carped at Virgil *h*; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator *i*. It is true, soft

a Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface. *b* Ibid. *c* Milbourn, p. 9. *d* Ibid. p. 175. *e* Page 39. *f* Whip and Key, Pref. *g* Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. *h* Milbourn, p. 2. *i* P. 35.

King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into Royal Scandal *a*.

He is a popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings *b*. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed popish principles *c*. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome *d*.

Mr P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor hath it any other merit *e*. It must be owned that he has got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse *f*.

Mr P O P E's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippo-

a List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6. *b* Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. *c* Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. *d* Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. *e* Mist's Journal of June 8. 1726. *f* Character of Mr P. and Dennis on Hom.

and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles, or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression *a*.

Mr DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase *b*. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly *c*. The translator is mad; every line betrays his stupidity *d*. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr Dryden did not, or would not understand his author *e*. This shews how fit Mr D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but *εἰχωε* for *εἰχωε* must be the error of the author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the press *f*. Mr Dryden writes for the court-ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use *g*.

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers *h*.

a Page 22. and 192.

b Milbourn, p. 72.

c Page 203.

d Page 78.

e Page 206.

f Page 19.

g Page 144. 190.

h Page 67.

crene *a*. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge *b*.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions *c*.

Mr P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little *d*. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together, in any book of Homer, with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek *e*. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question *f*. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies *g*.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer, without designing it *h*.

a Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. *b* Ibid. p. 14. *c* Character of Mr P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91. *d* Dennis's Remarks, p. 12. *e* Daily Jour. April 23. 1728. *f* Supplement to the Profound, pref. *g* Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. *h* Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

Mr DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unreasonably celebrated name *a*. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets *b*.

Names bestowed on Mr DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty ape dressed up in gawdy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apish and papish brats will heed him *c*.

An ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all *d*.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox *e*.

A COWARD.] A Cliniās or a Damaetas, or a man of Mr Dryden's own courage *f*.

a Page 192.

d Milbourn, p. 105.

b Page 125.

e Page 11.

c Whip and Key, pref.

f Page 176.

Mr P O P E tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work : But 'tis too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of *a*. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers *b*.

Names bestowed on Mr P O P E.

An APE.] Let us take the intial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face *c*, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass *d*,

A FROG.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox *e*.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward *f*.

a Homerides, p. 1, &c. *b* British Journal, November 25. 1727. *c* Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11. 1728. *d* Dennis, Remarks on Homer, preface. *e* Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. *f* Character of Mr P. page 3.

A KNAVE.] Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty *a*.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool *b*.—Some great poets are positive blockheads *c*.

A THING.] So little a thing as Mr Dryden *d*.

a Page 57.
bourn, p. 34.

b Whip and Key, preface.
d Ibid. p. 35.

c Mil-

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty *a*.

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer *b*.

A THING.] A little abject thing *c*.

a Character of Mr P. page 3. *b* Dennis's Remarks on Homer, page 37. *c* Ibid. page 8.

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O F

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